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Here's COMING and GOING; Or, GOING and COMING:
O P.
Hey for LITCHFIELD RACES!

To the Tune of *The King shall enjoy his own again.*



I.

YE Plaids and Greens, now in this Place,
Come listen to my Story,
Regard no G——, nor yet his Grace,
But act for Britain's Glory:
Be this your Day, and while you may,
Court Whigs and Rumpers chace away,
And join, all, in one loud Huzza,
To Him that's great in Story.

II.

Think now upon, what oft you've sworn,
And shew your selves all loyal,
Remember when, your Neighbour G——
Wou'd join in such a Trial:
Therefore declare, and don't despair,
Nor Threats or Dangers ever fear;
But, for Redress, our Course let's steer,
And curse upon Denial.

III.

Consider well, your Country dear,
Her Wrongs, and long Vexation,
That Taxes must increase each Year,
Without a—— an Alteration:
Strive to regain, a happy Reign,
Without the Aid of France or Spain,
And quite despise the cursed Train,
That have ruin'd all our Nation.

IV.

Not Whig, or Tory, is the Cause,
Which we wish to determine;
But to support Old England's Laws
Against all Foreign Vermin:
Those Locusts vile, that do our Isle,
By Fraud and Villainy beguile,
And make our Foes in Plenty smile,
While we are rode by German.

V.

Then let each brave, true British Soul,
Come to a Resolution;
And join, as one, without Controll,
To save the Constitution;
From Locusts all, both great and small,
That do our Liberties entral,
And, thereby, to the Ground does fall,
Their Cause of Revolution.

VI.

So may all honest Men unite,
In lawful Vindication,
Of what is ev'ry Briton's Right,
In spite of Innovation: (abound,
Let the Trumpets sound, true Honour
And Justice, with Success be crown'd;
Vain Drinking cease, but Zeal rebound,
To revive our bleeding Nation.